## SOME NEW BOOKS.

### Tolatoi's Confession.

The species of autobiography translated from the Russian and lately published in this elty-My Confession by Count Lyor [Leo] N. LETOI (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)-is an introduction to the same author's "My Religion." and was in fact written before the last named work. It unfolds the motives which impelled Tolstoi to seek a simpler, more consistent, and more satisfying rule of conduct than any which he saw inculcated by the organized systems of Christian exposition, and it traces the several stages of the process by which he was led to deduce for himself such a rule from the fundamental teachings of Christ.

He begins with the avowal that although he was "christened and educated in the faith of the Orthodox Greek Church, nevertheless, at eighteen years of age, when he quitted the university, he had discarded all belief in everything (religious) that he had been taught. How it came about is thus explained: "This falling off, as it seems to me, for the most part goes on as follows: people live as others live, and their lives are guided, not by the principles of the faith which is taught them, but by their very opposites; belief has no influence on life nor on the relations between men-it is relegated to some other sphere where life is not; if the two ever come into contact at all, belief is only one of the outward phenomena, and not one of the constituent parts of life. By a man's life, by his acts, it was then, as it is now, impossible to know whether he was a believer or not." Of course. Tolstol is speaking of men of his own lass-laymen, men of the world, who are at least true to themselves-and not of those who make of religion a means of obtaining some temporal advantage. "Such men of our he says, " are in the following position: The knowledge and experience of active life have shattered the artificially constructed edifice of belief within, and they have either observed that and cleared away the superincumbent ruins, or they have remained unconscious of the destruction wrought."

The beilef instilled in Tolstol's childhood having evaporated, what replaced it in his early manhood? The vague aim of self-improvement which, at a certain stage of life, is more or less consciously accepted as a guiding principle by most graduates of English and American universities. "When I think over that time." says Tolstol, "I see clearly that all the faith I had, the only belief which, apart from mere animal instinct, swayed my life, belief in a possibility of perfection, though what this was in itself or what would be its results I was unable to say. I endeavored to reach perfection in intellectual attainments: my studies were extended in every direction of which my life afforded me a chance; I strove to strengthen my will, forming for myself rules which I forced myself to follow: I did my best to develop my physical powers by every exerclse calculated to give strength and agility. and by way of accustoming myself to patient endurance I subjected myself to many voluntary hardships and privations. All this I looked upon as necessary to obtain the perfection at which I aimed. At first, of course, moral perfection seemed to me the main end, but I soon found myself contemplating in its stead an ideal of general perfectibility; in other words, I wished to be better, not in my own eyes, nor in those of God but 'n the sight of other men. This feeling, again soon flowed into another-the desire to have more power than others, to secure for myself a greater share of fame, of social distinction, and of wealth." Is it possible to lay bare with a more unerring hand the successive which the typical young man of the well-to-do and educated class in the nineteenth century is observed to pass? What reader, as he winces at the light flashed over his own past, does not recognize the presence of one of the great master probers of the human heart?

No sooner had the youthful aspiration for an ideal perfection become transmuted into a wish to stand well in the eyes of the men around him than the judgment of the society in which Tolstoi moved furnished his standard of right action. The deterioration of his character under the pressure of environment is myself a good and virtuous man; but I was young. I had passions, and I stood alone, altogether alone, in my search after virtue. Every time I tried to express the longings of my heart for a truly virtuous life, I was met with contempt and derisive laughter, but directly I gave way to the lowest of my passions I was praised and encouraged I found ambition, love of power, love of gain, esteem. I gave way to these passions, and becoming like unte my elders, I felt the place which I held in the world satisfled those around me. My kind-hearted aunt, a really good woman, used to say to me that there was one thing above all others which she wished for me-an intrigue with a married woman; rien ne forme un jeune homme comme une liaison arec une femme comme il faut. I cannot," proceeds Tolstoi. "new recall those years without a painful feeling of horror and loathing. I put men to death in war. I fought duels to slay others. I lost at cards, wasted my substance wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the lattor cruelly, rioted with loose women, and decoived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, and murder. all committed by me, not one crime omitted, and yet I was not the less considered by my equals a comparatively moral man. Such was my life during ten years."

Such being his mode of existence it was necessary for a man who, like Tolstoi, was by vocation and already by practice a thinker and a writer, to substitute for the religion which he had discarded some conception of mankind's relation to the universe, some philosophy of life. His first impulse naturally was adopt a theory which seemed to justify his

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not answer it. This system is that of theoretical philosophy, and at its extremity is metaphysics." Later he goes on to show in detail that if you put to philosophy the ques-tion. Is life worth living? the answer consists in repeating the question in a more complicated form. You are still confronted in the end with a point of interrogation. When, on the contrary, he turned to one or another of the physical sciences whose conclusions are reached by the vaunted inductive method. Toistoi "obtained an endless number of exact answers to questions he had not proposed: about the chemical elements of the stars and the planets, about the movement of the sun with the constellation of Hercules, on the origin of species and of man, about the infinitely small and weightless particles of other; but ing of his life was this: You are what you call life: that is, a temporary and accidental agglomeration of particles. The mutual action and reaction of these particles on each other has produced what you call your life. This ag-giomeration will continue during a certain time, then the reciprocal action of these parti-cles will cease, and with it ends what you call your life, and all your questions as well. You are a casually combined lump of something. The lump undergoes decomposition: this de-composition men call life; the lump falls asunder, decomposition ceases, and with it all doubting.' This," concludes Tolstoi, "is the answer from the clear and positive side of human knowledge, and, if true to its own principles, physical science can give no other."

This is the real end of the "Confession," so far as it tells us anything which we had not learned from the preliminary chapters of "My Religion." We know that having questioned in vain the oracles of the nineteenth century. philosophy, and science, Tolstoi began to study the life of the common people of his country, and particularly of the moujik or peasant living and tilling the ground upon communistic principles. He found, to his astonishment, that religion was a vital part of the life of the Russian peasant; and inasmuch as the moujik knew nothing of theology. Toistoi could not but conclude that Christianity must have something in it more efficacious than the dogmas embodied in official creeds and which his own reason had rejected. Then it was that he began to study for himself the Gospel narratives with a view, first, of eliciting precisely what Jesus taught, and, secondly, of determining the applicability of such teachings to human life. The results of his investigations we need not here recall, for to few American readers is the English translation of Count Tolstoi's "My Religion" unfamiliar.

Some of the essays and discourses lately published or delivered by Sir John Lubbock have after undergoing revision and enlargement, been reprinted in book form by the Appletons under the collective title of The Pleasures of Life. Very readable and in their way suggestive are these papers, although so pro-fuse are the quotations that they seem more like extracts from the commonplace book of a man of letters than original studies by a man hitherto distinguished for independent work in special fields of scientific research. Now and then, however, as in the discourses on "Science" and "Education," we meet with such predilections and convictions as we would naturally expect from Sir John Lubbock. On attaches to his conception of a course of general (extra-scientific) reading embodied in his list of a hundred authors, or to the species of rhapsody on the charms of literature which he terms "A Song of Books." Sir John Lubbock belongs to the small num-

ber of scientists-much smaller in England than in France-who have always been at pains to present the results of their investigations in lucid and pleasant literary form. He is one of the few, therefore, who have a right to call it "altogether a mistake to regard science as dry, difficult, or prosaic." He contends, on the contrary, that "much of it is as easy as it is interesting," and he goes on to justify this rather paradoxical assertion by protesting that technical works, descriptions of species, &c. bear the same relation to science as dictionaries do to literature." Inasmuch, however, as no scientific treatise could with requisite precision convey its meaning if it entirely eschawed technical terms, it follows that a knowledge of the technical vocabulary is indispensable even to the cursory student in any department of research, so that after all some "dry, difficult, and prosaie" work cannot be avoided. Thus, while for readers pessessed of some preliminary training it may be true that writers like Tyndail, Huxley, and Luphouk himself have a readers and of a present the pastine. He appears to be a naturalist by nature as well as nurture—one of those patient investigators to whom weeks or mosths spent in observing the pastine. It is gratifying to know that men of such large, and of an expensive pastine. Lubbock himself have come near to fulfilling Lord Chesterfield's wish that Athene, as well as Aphrodite, might be attended by three graces, it remains as true as ever it was that for the tyro the Goddess of Wisdom has not discarded the Gorgon's head. There is still a good deal of significance in the myth which made Athene spring from the brains of Zeus. but not until the paternal skull had been split open by an axe.

We fear that Sir John Lubbock expresses a wish, rather than a prophecy which any man now living is destined to see fulfilled, when he announces the belief that "the study of natural history seems destined to replace the loss of what is, not very happily. I think, termed 'sport.'" There is, indeed, some reason for opining that the wholesale slaughter of caged innocents, known as pigeon shooting, will soon be classed with cock fighting, bull fighting, and bear baiting in highly civilized communities, but we can perceive as yet no evidence that grouse and pheasant shooting or fox hunting are on the wane. Again, when the author passes to the possible influence of science upon the future prosperity of the English nation, it seems to us that he weakens his case by overstating it. After pointing out that the actual population of the British Isles is over 35,000,000, he assumes that it will go on for a hundred years increasing at the present rate, which would mean 140,000,000 inhabi-

English, has improved since the beginning of

this century? On the essay on education Sir John Lubbock, as might have been predicted from the trend of his own studies, takes ground against the amount of time still allotted in the curricula of English schools and universities to the Greek and Latin classics. What he says on this head is true, although it has been said before, and its conclusiveness is open to dispute. To the question, "Does all the study of the classics to which our sons devote so many years give any just appreciation of them?" we must, of course, reply that in many cases it does not. It is also undenlable that, "after all, our sons leave college unable to speak either Latin or Greek." for the sufficient practical reason that Latin is no longer, as it was in mediaval times, the sole medium of interna-tional communication. Does any one imagine that Oxford tutors could not or would not teach their pupils to speak Latin as fluently as they Wycliffe's time, if it were now worth the while? Whether the points here made are pertinent depends on the fundamental question, not considered in this essay, whether the aim of schools and universities should be to impart substantive knowledge or mental discipline. If intellectual training be the purpose, it will not do to overlook the verdict pronounced after a prolonged experiment by the Faculty of the University of Berlin (including many scientists quite as renowned as Sir John Lubbock) that physical science is a far less efficient gymnastic of the youthful mind than the Latin and Greek classics. M. W. H.

The Poor's Railroad Manual Company have issued a very useful "Directory of Railway Officials," complied from official information, and intended as a supplement to "Poor's Manual."

"The Banquet of Plato," translated from the Greek by
Percy Bymhe Shelley, and a few of the latter's miscel-

laneous speculations on metaphysics occupy the last vol-ume of Cassell's National Library.

"Fighting the Sea," by Edward A. Rand (Thomas Whittaker) is a novel of the religious type, in which the various operations of the United States life-saving service are minutely and accurately described. A good

book for boys.

The Rev. B. W. Arnett, Financial Secretary of the Afri-The Rev. S. W. Arnett, rinancial secretary of the Aircean Methodist Episcopal Church, has sent us "The Budget," containing the annual reports of the officers of that organization, with religious, educational, political, and general information pertaining to the colored race,

and general information pertaining to the colored raca, and other interesting matter.

Funk & Wagnalis publish, under the title of "God's Words to His Children," twenty-four sermons by George Macdonald, the well-known Scottish novelist and preacher. Trey are selected with excellent judgment from various sources, and some of them are entitled "Unspoken Sermons" for those which have never been delivered.

ous sources, and some of them are entitled "Unspoken Sermona," or those which have never been delivered from the pulpit. All are characterised by a simple and earnest but most winning style. The admirers of Dr. Macdonald's writings will welcome this volume. The reader who succeeds in making his way through the entanglements of the obscure plot of Mr. Alsop Leftingwell's "Mystery of Bar Harbor" (G. W. Dillingham) will be inclined to regret the weate of time. It is a novel more full of inconsistencies and improbabilities than any we have met with in years; the hero is a coward and a reconsider the observators are without ordinality, and the we have met with in years; the hero is a coward and a scoundrel, the characters are without originality, and the denouement is utterly unsatisfactory and inconclusive. And yet in parts it is readable.

The fleet of decked steam yachts owned in the United

The doet of decked steam yachts owned in the United States now numbers several hundreds, besides nearly a thousand steam issunches and minor craft. The appearance of so thorough a treatise as Mr. C. P. Kunhardt's "Steam Yachts and Launches" (Poress and Stream Publishing Company) is therefore timely. The volume is intended to be sufficiently comprehensive, and at the same time elementary, to enable the yacht owner to accomply the steam of the same time company in the same time company. ment, and care of machinery, and to the principal type of yacht machinery. The illustrations are numerous

"Mrs. Shillaber's Cook Book," by Lydia Shillaber (Thomas T. Crowell & Co.), owes its appearance to the author's belief that a practical attempt to apply most of the standard cook books to the everyday wants of the average household proves that there is need of a safe ruide for the housewife who must do her own work of teach and direct unskilled servants. The gastronomic rules she lays down certainly have the merit of brevity and simplicity, and any intelligent beginner in the culinary art, by following them carefully, ought to be able to produce appetiting dishes. We cannot commend her recipes for sailed dressings. That for lettuce is very bad. When will compilers of cook books understand that melted butter and sugar can never take the

culent lettuce. "Mrs. Partington" has furnished a characteristic introduction to the volume. The Appletons publish a second and revised edition of "A Naturalist's Rambies About Home." by Charles C. Abbott. The author's home is Mercer county, New Jer-Some of the reviewers of the first edition of Mr. Abbott's book accused him of inaccuracy of statement, because he attributed, sometimes in the same chapter, different habits to one and the same species of animals. After examining these charges carefully he announces that he has not found it necessary to make any material change in the text of the original edition. He observes, very truly, that the same species is not always the same bird or the same animal, judged solely by its habits. His aim, he says, has been rather to record his impressions of such as he saw as he saw them, and he has never attempted to make every creature he found conform to the rules isid down for its conduct by those who assume to know more about aniconduct by those who assume to know more about ani-

# HOW TO TELL YOUR SILVER, Origin of the Hall Marks.

Origin of the Hall Marks.

From the Jewelry News.

Articles of plate are exempted from the maker's capricious desire to see his mark upon his goods. The Goldsmiths Company, associated as early as 1877, reducing the control of the second control of the control o

POEMS WORTH READING, Lanes. From the Simer-De

Lilith, thou leadest me
By the light in thy star-kissed eyes;
Blindly I follow thee
In a mist of 'wildered surprise,
Till the planets about
All are blotted out.
And for me there is never a star but thee. Lillith, thou barnest me
By the heat in thy sun warmed eyes;
Hope, by their rays kindled, see!
Leaps in a flame to the skies.
Till the noon seems gray.
Till thou art my day.
And for me there is nover a sun but thee.

Lilith, thou chillest me.

By the cold in the frost souched eyes;

Rumb from the winter in thee.

Pressing my heart in me lies.

Til the snow seems sweet

And the ice tips heat.

And for ma there is never a frost but thee.

Prom the floaten Guerier.

When the mantle of night o'er the earth is spread. And the sky with its twinking gems is starred, Again on the roof of the back yard shed The feine sole and chorus is heard. Then the neighboring windows are upward raised, And white-robed forms through the gloom we spy And swift from the hands of men hait or axed The showers of boots and bootjacks fly. Hashed for a white are the initialises, And the wrathus people go back to bed; But ere sweet sleep has sealed their eres. The concert's resumed on another shed.

Life on the Form. At the foot of the hill the milk house stands, where the Balm of villead aprends his hands, and the willow trails at each pendant tip, The lazy lash of a golden whip. And an iece cold apring with a tinkling sound blakes a bright green edge for the dark green

Cool as a cave is the air within, Frave are the shelves with the burnished tin Of the curring shores, and the seas of white That turn to gold in a single night. As if the disc of a winter moon should take the tint of a new doubloom! Burned to a coal is the amber day, Noon's splendid fire has faded away, And, lodged on the edge of a world grass grown, Like a great live ember glows the sun; When it falls behind the crimson bars Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—
No trace of her lineage handed down—
Is leading the long deliberate line
Of the Devons red and the Durhams fine;
(Co-boss!" "Co-boss!" and the caravan
With a dowager swing comes dewn the lama,
And lowing along from the clover bed
Troops over the bars with a lumbering tread.

Troops over the bars with a limbering tread.
Under the lee of the patient beasts.
On their tripod stools like Pythian priests,
The tow-clad boys and the linery girls
Make the cows "give down" in milks swirks.
There's a stormy time in the brittedsis,
Tere's read to be with whiste and song,
The winding paties, meander along
The winding patie in the golden gloom,
And "set" the milk in the twilight room.

Who to Gallagher?

From the Chicago Pribuna.

It's sounding upon every side,
The dumb might even bear
Its echoing tumult, loud and wide,
From young and old from rich and poer,
From all, from high and low,
Goes up a call on Galingher—
A call to "Let 'er go!"

What mystery that on every hand.
Should such demand arise.
That there should come from all the land.
The same appealing cries.
To tealingher! it's marvellous,
And what we want to know
La who is Mr. Gallagher.

What is the horror of his deed,
What the appalling fact,
How is it that he doesn't heed
The clamor o'er his act!
What manner of scuee has he
To make for doing so;
Who's she, and who is Gallagher—
Why won't he let 'er go!

Is bloody murder being done?
Or is it not as bad
as that? Is it some piece of fun
That Gallagher has had,
and like as owell he will not cease
Fore'en abata, although
It's time? O, who is Gallagher?
Why can't he ist'er go?

Or is it an abduction case?
Is some fair creature dragged
Away at an aisrming pace?
Has retribution ingged?
Has he a hansom or a hack?
Are his pursuers slow.
And won't be bring the maiden back,
Nor ever let 'er go?

And was the outrage coidly planned?
And is the maiden fair?
And has he got her by the hand
Or got her by the hair?
Is he a money making rogue
Or disappointed beau?
Oh, who on earth is ballagher?
Why won't be let 'er go? Will nothing make the wicked scamp

Be he a gentleman or tramp?
And where are the police?
Is this a mediawal age
When any daring foe
May steal a maid? Shan't Gallagher
Be forced to let pr RO?

Or is it some stern parent's whim His daughter to couline Where walls are thick and light is dim, And does the beauty pine For one who were electrial love, But hasn't saty show? What ails old father Gallagher, Why can't be let'er go?

Has he a buildog in the yard
Sharp at the set of sun.
And are his daughter's windows barred,
And has he got a gun?
Would argament avail with him,
Or would be answer "No!"
What sort of man is Gallagher,
Why don't he let 'er go! The dumb might even bear The schoing tunuit load and wide, And far away and near; Still comes the cry to Gallagher. And still we want to know What is it? Who is Gallagher? Why don't be let 'er go?

The Minstrels of the Night. From the Boston Courier.

When the flowers are calmly sleeping And sweet slience reigns o'er all, Then the first tom cat of evening Climbs upon my garden wall.

11. There he meditates on Nature On her quiet beauties round— But his reverie is broken By a form upon the ground.

Then Maria's aweet soprano Greets dear Thomas on the wall, And the sisters, aunts, and cousins Come together one and all.

Now the concert—strains delightful All the echoes round prolong; Mortal beings lack the power Yet to value feline song. TI.

Every solo is repeated Clearer, londer than before, And the curses, shoes, and so forth From near windows give encore. TIL. When the morning light's appearing. Creamy visions come and go. Ritchen maids preparing breakfast, And the cook stove's ruddy glow.

Then the songsters all are silent; Sober thoughts in each arise, And they make a heaty parting— Each one to a back door hies.

Into breakfast now they scamper. Maitose, tortoise shell, and white; Rushed until another gloaming Are the minstress of the night.

The Biercle and the Pup. From the Sydney Bulletin. Tis a bloycle man, o'er his broken wheel. That grieveth himself full sore. For the joy of its newness his heart shall feel, Alack and alast no more.

When the bright sun tippeth the hills with gold, That rider uprises b gay, And with hat all be-ribuoned and heart that is bold, Fursueth his jaunty way.

He gaseth at folks in the lowly crowd With a most superior air. He thinketh ha! ha! and he smileth aloud As he masheth the maiden fair.

Oh, he masheth her much in his nice new clothes, Nor seeth the cheerful pup. Till the roots up the road with his proud, proud nose, While the liftle wheel tiltelu up. Ob. that youth on his knees—though he doth not pray ! Is a pitiful sight to see: For his pants in their utterest part give way, White merrily laugheth she.

And that bicycle man in his heart doth feel. That the worst of unsanetthed jokes is the small dog that smilled anon at his wheel, But getteth mixed up in the spokes.

The Boarding House, From the Inchilo Courier.
Once again the boarding mansion
Filled is with its moder throng:
In the parior Jones is singing
Some old hackneyed bit of song. Now we're gathered at the table; Everybody pitcheth in See the knives and forks a gleaming! Goodness gracious, what a din. See the fritters disappearing.

Berfsteak vanisheth from view.
Of the codish naught but hones left,
They will make to-morrow's stew. Melted is the golden butter.
Faded is the crimson lam.
Through the rest of this hot summer.
We must live on eggs and ham.

YOUNG SOTHERN'S. OUTING.

How the Actor Looks and What he Does to his Summer Vacation. RUMSON BEACH, Aug. 12 .- The fair spot which is finnked by the blue waters of the sea on one side and by the sparkling river of the other is blessed with a goodly share of charms, For several years before this one the sting of mosquitoes was unfelt by the guests who repu-late the shore above the little village of Sea Bright, Indeed, in this season of surpties, the touch of these blood suckers has been but

lower portion of the coast.

Peace and contentment reign in this saiet Jersey region, where neither the whirl of fanthe harmony of the days or the slumbers of he nights. The scene is more than passing fair, with

light compared with their exploits along it o

The scene is more than passing fair, whe white sails gleaming afar like phantom ship in the light of the summer moon, with the breakers dashing their creamy spray uper the wave-washed shore, and the light of the locomotive shining down the track like an ego of fire. It is as Mr. Gould declares, a thing of rare beauty, finshing by in the stællt night Quickly one turns from the roar of the sea and the sound of the sweeping train to the river shining like silver in the moonlight, its boson flecked by tiny sails and its silence broken by light laughter of parties roving along its banks. We eatch the refrains of a song, we glane beyond the shore to the hills clothed in verdure; the moon throws out the splendor of mansions benind the trees which line the famous Rumson road. Lights dance on the brow of the Highlands in the distance, and the scene is an ideal midsummer vision, which we will take in our memory back to the city's din. Another familiar face greets the stranger who enters the little summer hotel at Rumson Beach, which faces the sea. It, alas, is but the pictured one of a man famed as actor and treasured as a friend. It is a large crayon, framed in dull gold, hanging over the fireplace, and is valued by the old school gentleman who presides at the desk doubly for the friendship of the original, and that the donor, Mr. George W. Childs.

So startling is the likeness that one almost feels the presence of the dead comedian as the white sails gleaming afar like phantom ships

and is valued by the old school gentleman who presides at the desk doubly for the friendship of the original, and that the donor, Mr. George W. Childs.

So startling is the likeness that one almost feels the presence of the dead comedian, as the living one did the other day when first he gazed upon it and exclaimed:

"There is my governor!"

The face of the dead father, E. L. Sothern greeted his brilliant young son, who lifted his hat with surprise and respect.

"This settles it. I'll stay awhile. It is an awfully joily place." Ed Sothern went on, as pilloted by the best he explored the hotel.

Young James G. Blaine and his fair wife divided attention with Sothern, who is one of their chums, while beside his elder and more noted brother went young Sam Sothern with laughing blond face and dancing blue eyes.

His is more the face of his father in feature and expression, while his brother's resembles the beautiful one of their mother, which he wears in a locket encrusted with her initials in diamonds. The same soft, clear eyes smile upon you, with a gleam of humor in their purple depths and long lashes drooping on the cheeks. Scarcely the face of a comedian, one thinks at a giance, until the twitch of fun about the corners of the mouth, the quaint half smile and the twinkle in the eye, tell that the genial role of the auctioneer rather than the wees of Romeo suit Sothern's nature.

"I once essayed a lover's part in melodrama but I got laughed at, he confied, as later we sat beside the sea. "I trust that the public, who have been so kind, may like my role in 'The Great Pink Pearl,' I sm an adventurer, with some hard knecks to get along, Yes, I can play it quite well—the latter part, in mean; but it all has been joily, the failure and success, the table d'hotes and Delmonico dinners. It is part of the drama of life, which would be incomplete with one event left out, I do not go in for table d'hotes. I prefer a good chop or a steak, but my brother enjoys their Bohemianism."

"Yes, I used to get good ones in Frisco fo

"Yes, I used to get good ones in Frisco for 50 cents," said Sam Sothern, "and I once tried a 25-cent dinner in New York. A chap who said he roomed at the Hoffman Hoffse told me that he toed the dinner of the cutsine of that hotel. I swallowed his statement then, but not the dinner afterward."

"I shall have Sam with me next season," said the elder brother, "and he will have a part in 'The Highest Bidder' when we reopen the theatre this month. The play really belongs to him, you know, as do others which were a legacy from our father to the boy, who then was too young to make his own way, as we older chaps could. Sam has struck it rich in the success of his play. He probably will be with me the season after next; but then he should do a few seasons of mel-daama or tragedy with a good company, to gain experience in those lines. I am a worker, as you know, and believe work the only road to success. A few phenomenal hits are made without much experience, but most actors are well on in years before they win their greenest laurels—at least they have been on the stang for a number of years. The greatest actor of his day, Irving, served a long appronticeshin to the profession before attaining celebrity."

"No., I have been a hard worker, and my ten years' experience is only now beginning to bring its reward. We have a ten of plays which Sam brought over, and we pass much time in looking at them and weeding out the elever bits. We have an excellent one to present to the public after next season. We shall try it first in the summer at the Lyceum."

"How about the play which you are writing?"

"I still goes on, You need not smile. The practice will not hirt me. I may in time work something good out of my brain. It is great un up at our cottage when we three—Mr. Pigott. Sam, and I-get to work. Pigott shouts out now and then, I have live a genuine novelty; listen,' whefreupon a great plot is revealed to our eag rears. That is like so and so,' we cry, to thedisgust of our patient worker, who stares up and down the room in cha

was surely designed for a woman. The threat and neck are revealed, smooth and white like a girl's. The fine figure and shapely limbs are outlined by the clinging stuff, and Sothern in the sea is quite as pleasing as in the georgeous costumes of Whitrace or the well-cut clothes of The Highest Bidder.

Ignorant of his charms, he bounces out of the foaming sea and modestly disappears in a bath house. His chief charm is quietness of demeanor and indifference to the attention he attracts. He is singularly free from vanity, and delights in his hits more from an artistic than purely personal standoint.

Among the charms which we find on the chain loft in our keetding is a small match box of red gold, with designs in relief. It was a sowein to the late E. L. Sothern, from his manager, when he created the character of Test Cashed Progenica, the grotteque figure of whom adoras one side of the box. Mr. sothern highly values all the qualant souvenfrs of his inther's brilliant artistic career, as some day perhaps another little Sothern may treasure his. These are beginning to accumulate in the form of rings and searr plus.

The quiet nood selected by this young man for study during his vaccation is a cottage at the Highlands, where Mr. Pigott, his broiner, and himself reside, their wants provided in the Highlands, where Mr. Pigott, his broiner, and himself reside, their wants provided in the Highlands, where Mr. Pigott, his broiner, and himself reside, their wants provided from the fact of a row of one mile occupying footels in a stage, or take a run down on the Irain.

They row along the Shrewsbury River and study downers may be surmised from the fact of a row of one mile occupying two hours, but there was geod companionship along. His experience in Met By Chances was too brief to develop his skill as an osmana.

"They row along the said in reply to an invitation to be present at a grand ball at the Hotel Shrewsbury.

Though his repertory may not include all the lighter accommodated when he marowire searched being run over